

OVERLOOKED HEROINES OF THE REVOLUTION

STIRLING AT VALLEY PORGE

scraped lint at the fire-

side, and the head of

the house superintend-

ed the food department

and the rations to be

doled out every morn-

vina, the old turbaned

black cook, were dou-

bled. She was not only

called upon to provide

delicate repasts for Le

Marquis de Lafayette

and Major James Mon-

roe, Generals Knox and

Greene, with many oth-

er distinguished vis-

around Lady Stirling's

hospitable table, but a huge soup kettle was

hung over the logs in

an improvised kitchen,

and from the day it was

started until the camp

was broken, great palls

were freely given to

nourishing soup

the famishing soldiers who called at the house

Every week vegetables, poultry, mutton, etc.,

were brought to Valley Forge by the general's own people, either from his farm eight miles

from Morristown, N. J., or from the Livingston

manor house, for our heroes of the Revolution

had to supply their own rations, and this one in

particular, who raised a regiment and equipped

It at his own expense, was never repaid for food,

a basket filled with goodies on her arm, followed

by a servant laden with clothing for the soldiers.

It was a long, cold walk from her home to the

camp, but the young girl braved it in spite of

would be gently knocked at and the inmates ques-

tioned as to their most pressing needs. No one

the suffering men. There was hardly one who

Lady Kitty had a sovereign cure learned from the

old squaw. This, with -other remedies drawn

from the handy reticule, were lavishly given with

many a cheery word or laugh at the traveling

the very sick were soon emptied and besides

many a man's heart was made glad by the gift

of a warm worsted comforter for his neck or a

pair of knitted stockings or mittens. Then there

were underclothes made from the fleece of the

sheep raised on the Jersey hills, the wool having

been spun in tenants' houses and woven on the

This was the work of the women who staved at

home, while the men folk struggled with the

ms that groaned and creaked unceasingly.

drug shop. The baskets containing delicacies to

and storm. The doors of hut after hut

not afflicted with frostbites, and for these

or services, by an ungrateful country,

who crowded

LADY CATHERINE DUER, LORD

General Washington ad-

vice on the subject of

her marriage, or she would have been saved

much misery and mortification. It is said that

when Nelly Custis announced her engagement the

bribe her to induce her husband to join the Eng-

Mrs. Mifflin (Sarah Morris) sent stockings of

her own making to be distributed among the sol-

diers, writing: "In this way do I throw in my

mite to the public good. I know this-that as

free I can die but once, but as a slave I shall

not be worthy of life, and I have the pleasure to

assure you that these are the sentiments of

my sister Americans." Those women who could

do so visited the camp, and Mrs. Andrew Porter

(Elizabeth Parker) rode there on horseback, to

see her husband, who had boasted proudly that

A story is told of him that at a dinner at Valley

Forge General Knox said to him: "Porter, how

does it happen that you look so genteel while

the rest of us are in rags, although you receive

no better pay than we?" To this Captain Porter

turned it inside out, so you see it how as good

as new." and then went on to relate how she

had visited him but had lost her way, when she

met a gentleman out of uniform, of whom she

asked directions. The officer tightened the girths

of her saddle and admired her horse, which Mrs.

Porter proudly declared, was home bred. Then

walking beside the rider, the person conducted

the lady to her husband's quarters, raised his hat

After a warm welcome, Captain Porter said:

"Well, my lady, you came into camp highly es-

Lady Kitty had a love affair of her own on

culminated in 1799 by her marriage to Col. Wil-

liam Duer, when General Washington gave the

bride away, for he felt that no honor was too

great to be lavished on the heroine of Valley

WHY NOT?

Mrs. Flatte-I see that 21 women are employed

as railway brakemen and 10 as baggagemen in

Mr. Flatte-Well, I see no reason why women

shouldn't brake and smash things as well as men.

THE CAUSE.

"I looked at the man and saw his face grow

"He was blacking up for a minstrel show

"What was the matter with him?"

corted by the commander-in-chief."

and strolled away.

the United States.

darker and darker."

ly has been an irresistible argument generalities," that we were the first

Forge.

to be questioned that our success mocracy here was successful, that it when Japan and China and India are

was an incitement to France in her prospered and paid us so handsome- opening their eyes to the "glittering

she awakened Europe from its medi- for the democratic system in other to make the venture and prove its

Transatlantic voyagers do not fol-

low Columbus' sailing route, but it

stands to his credit none the less

that he was the first to cross the sea.

"My wife took this coat apart and

never wore a garment not made by his wife

ing. The labor of Mal-

MAJOR GENERAL, LORD STIRLING



OLUMES have been written laudng the courage or endurance of the American army that braved the winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge. Monuments have been erected to the memory of men and officers. The site of the camp has been reserved by the state of Pennsylvania, and converted into a memorial park, but the women who shared the dangers and suffering with them, who nobly nursed the sick, fed the starving and clothed the naked, are left unrecognized. There are no public records of them, even

their quarters that had been the shelter of the the stage of the Conway cabal (that was one of the remarkable and dramatic incidents of the war), the cradle of the first aid to the injured, and the setting for a love affair of one of the first presidents of the United States, was not included in the state reservation and taken under its protection, but is fast falling into decay, to the shame and dishonor of the guardians who are neglecting one of the two houses at Valley Forge that are historically noteworthy, and for a puerile reason unworthy of a great common-

This little farmer's house was the headquarters of Major General Lord Stirling, one of the most gallant and loyal American soldiers. Born and ored in New York, he had inherited a title from his Scotch ancestors, just at the breaking out of the Revolution. He had served as major and aidede-camp to General Shirley at the time of General Braddock's defeat. He had been in every pattle fought against the British in New York and New Jersey, and was General Washington's most trusted general, as is proved by the numerous letters still preserved in the New York Historical society. The headquarters of this gentleman was shared by his brave wife and daughter, who abandoned their beautiful home at Baskingridge on the hills of New Jersey, and with the men contended with the discomforts and trials of the celebrated winter spen, n the wind-swept valley on the outskirts of civilization as bravely as any soldier, officer or general.

To these heroines of Valley Forge no history points, no cenotaphs are raised, even their deeds are only traditional and crystallized in the memories of a few lovers of bravery, self-sacrifice and feminine devotion

It was early in the season when it was decided to camp near Philadelphia, and the army under General Washington was collected at Valley Forge, when Lord Stirling wrote to his wife entreating her to join him there, as his duties deained him with his men, but he had been pro ised comfortable quarters, and he had no idea of allness of the house and its numerous disforts. For it was a great demand to make of the delicately nurtured women, who had been reared at the luxurious Livingston manor house, on the Hudson river, or in Mr. Livingston's comortable house in New York. But Lady Stirling wisely determined that her place was by her husband's side, so with a full staff of servants (for she foresaw the demands that would be made on her hospitality) she and her daughter, Catherine, started in the great family coach, drawn by four gray horses, for the long drive over the Jersey hills to Pennsylvania.

When they reached their destination they found a small farmer's cottage had been assigned to Lord Stirling for his quarters. It was was a damp and lonely spot, and quite inade for the accommodation of family and servants. But with unfailing good humor and the capability of spiendid housewives, the ladies coped with the situation and made the house ready for winter. They filled long flannel bags with earth and placed them against the door sills and the loosely fitting sashes to keep out the wind, so the house could be more readily kept warm. They sted muslin on the walls and hung curtains sefore the windows for the same purpose. Then they sent to Baskingridge for many loads of hickory wood before the roads became choked with snow, for fuel was scarce, and the soldiers requisitioned all that there was to be found in

General Washington welcomed them gladly and at once requested that they would assist him to entertain the various people who daily visited the camp, either for political purposes, bysiness

husband and his aide, Dr. Enoch Edwards, whose name will be recognized by many of his descend-ants in Philadelphia today. Then there was Lady Kitty and her friend, Miss Nanny Browne, ed granddaughter of Governor Brockhoist, and these dames may well be called the heroines of Valley Forge, although their ministerings and sufferings found no recognition in the man-written chronicles of that fearsome winter.

Christmas passed sadly with little merrymaking or good cheer, and daily the sufferings of the illclad, badly-housed soldiers were forced on the attention of the women, for the reports of the medical men became more and more distressing. There were no comfortable hospitals, trained nurses or even necessary clothing, bandages and lint for the poor fellows. Lady Stirling and her daughter were no strangers to the sick room; both were capable nurses and had learned from an old Indian woman many salves and remedies made from herbs or simples, not the least of which was the celebrated Seneca off, St. John's wort lotion and rattlesnake grease, all of which they had provided themselves with before leaving Without hesitation these brave women arranged a division of work among them, for it fell entirely on their individual efforts, since the whole country was overburdened and there was no relief to be obtained from an organized sanitary commission or red cross association. Quietly and unostentationsly the three ladies divided the work among them to do what was possible to alleviate the increasing horrors about them. To Lady Kitty was assigned a daily visit to the camp, while the delicate Miss Nanny sewed or

horrors of army life. The fingers of the women of the day wer never idle. We are told on page 417 of Mr. Irving's "Life of General Washington," that his wife, "set an example to lady visitors by diligently plying her needles knitting stockings for poor, destitute soldiers." And, indeed, women's busy needles clicked far into the night, even when frugal housewives only permitted the blaze of the fire to light the rooms, for candles were luxuries in those days, although they were homemade, and these self-sacrificing women denied themselves every comfort they could, in hopes of being able to relieve the needs of the soldiers,

and many a candle that had been made in the family kitchen, and perhaps from bayberries picked by delicate fingers, found its way to the fellows who had obeyed the call to arms, leaving their families in distant parts of the country "Lady Comforter," as she was called by the mer would ask each one about his life, and suggest that she would write letters to his home-bound family or friends. Pen, ink and paper would be whipped from the great reticule hanging by her side, and a dictation taken down, which must have given pleasure and hope at many a desolate fireside. The ladies were cheered in their benevolent work in the camp by the commendations of the commander-in-chief, who could not be suffi-

ciently grateful for these ministrations. The young aide-de-camp, James Monroe (who was recruiting his strength after a severe wound received during a late battle) was detailed to accompany the young lady on her daily rounds, to report officially on the condition of the men. This duty was not uncongenial to the young Virginian and the one bright spot in the dark days of suffering for the men in camp was watching the courtship of their future president, and his engagement to Miss Nanny Browne was soon duly announced and hurried arrangements made for a wedding in the spring at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Van Horne. She could not have asked

REAL PIONEER IN DEMOCRACY | tion. At the same time it is not | democracy everywhere. That de- | popular representative government,

lands.

The Prodigal sat downstairs in the dining room. The house was curiously quiet, though faint sounds came from the kitchen, where the evening dishes were being washed-carefully, so as not to disturb the hush.

After a while his sister came to him Her eyes were red and her face was blotched and swollen. The Prodigal got up awkwardly and shook hands. "How are you, Selina?" he asked, re-

turning her nervous clasp. "Pretty well," she said formally. We didn't know you were back till yesterday. The last we heard you vere in Montana."

"I was there for a couple of years. I-I just heard this morning about father. How is he?"

"Very low," she answered in a hushed tone. And then she began to cry, noiselessly, without attempting to wipe away the tears that rolled down her pale cheeks. The Prodigal put out his hand, as if to comfort her; then he remembered and drew it back. He looked strangely out of place in the ugly respectability of the room. He knew it all so well; the built-in corner cupboard, with the glass doors, and his mother's wedding-cups on hooks just inside; the red and green cover on the square table; the black away so long held him now.

sively, and there were tears in his sleeper a little. and a great regret.

"Would you like to go up?" she The Prodigal gripped the foot of asked more kindly. All the small the bed with straining hands. The old you," she said.

the second step from the top; there son sank back into the shadow. had always been a loose board there.

until morning. The elders from the still. He scarcely breathed, and the ting up. Wait until I see if he is most stopped. And out of the shadow

The Prodigal stood on the little land- and dropped on his knees. ing and waited. The house spread out general said: "Question yourself. Is he a man on three sides of him, smaller than you know me? It's Henry, fatherof sense? For be assured a sensible woman can he had remembered it, but otherwise Henry. I've come back." never be happy with a fool." James Monroe was unchanged. The goor was open into The old man was smiling a little, of food and clothing reached the camp from many strangely orderly.

of the nearby places, for it is certain that Carlisle had a number of women, headed by Mrs. John at once, so he went in and sat down. Armstrong, who employed every leisure moment Even the wallpaper was the same. knitting stockings or scraping lint for the sol- Over in the corner, behind the bookdiers. This lady was born in Ireland and had cases, would be the pencil-marks married an Irishman, but was devoted to her which had registered for years his adopted country and countrymen. There were annual gain in inches, only-he could other Pennsylvania women who sacrificed time not look. And there was his mothand comfort for the brave defenders. Mrs. John er's nicture in its black walnut frame Bull was approached by Lord Howe, who tried to and under it George himself, in queer plaid dresses and black shoes with lish army and desert his command as colonel of white buttons. He had been taller the First Pennsylvania, but she proudly refused. than George in those early days: it Her descendants doubtless would be proud to read the unpublished history preserved by the was a long time ago-a long time.

His sister came to the doorway "He won't know you," she said "You

The dim light of the lamp was kep from the sick man's eyes by a green shade on one side of the burner. The Prodigal stopped inside the doorway awkwardly, while his sister went over and smoothed the counterpane. "He doesn't toss around any," she said. "He just lies there."

can come in."

The Prodigal moved over slowly and looked down at the old minister's face. The thin white hair was spread a little over the pillow, like an aureole, making the placid face, with its closed eyes, look frail, almost ethereal. As the son looked down the dying man opened his eyes.

"George," he said weakly, and held out his thin white hand. The Prodigal was embarrassed; he glanced at his sister for assistance.

"His eyes are bad," she whispered. "If he thinks George is here he'll be happier."

The man stooped and put his hand over his father's. The thin fingers gripped his and held them. There was something in the touch that brought a lump into the man's throat. After a moment when the fingers did not relax, he slipped to his knees beside the hand during the dark days at Valley Forge, which bed. The old man slept again. Except that he was breathing slowly, it might have been the sleep of a child. An hour passed, and still the Prodigal knelt beside the bed. Once some

Musical Chicago.

The city has the largest factories for

business. Of these 25 have their own

factories located here. The player-

piano has rapidly come into public

sands of Chicago homes. About \$31,-

648,000 is spent by Chicagoans annual-

musical instruments. The sheet music

business in Chicago amounts to \$1,500,-

000 a year." It is estimated that more

than \$2,000,000 is paid each year to

private music teachers by Chicagoans

desirous of learning the art of playing

some instrument. More than \$1,000,000

is paid out annually for the resident

Dog Found Master's Grave.

Mrs. Clara E. Brown, of Savville, N

Y., has been kept chained the greater

part of the time since his young mas-

Tot, the pet dog in the family of

Grand Opera company.

ly for music, instruction in music and

"I told Mr. Simpson you would stay or a while," she said. "Will you?" "I'll stay until-until morning." What he wanted to say was "until the end," but with those fingers clutching his, he could not frame the words. And without reason he resented her question. Would he stay for a while-he, the elder son, and his father dying?

down again. She came over and

eaned down.

"George will be here in the moraing," she whispered, and tiptoed away. Only the night was his, then. After all the years only a few hours, and those because his father thought he was some one clse.

The old man stirred a little and wakened. His feeble hand was lifted slowly until it rested on the Prodigal's bowed head.

"You have been a great joy to me, George," he said gently-"a great joy. I shall tell your mother. May God bless von!" He lay for a few moments quite still, his eyes on the yellow roses of the ceiling paper. The Prodigal groaned. Oh, to turn up the light, to stand forth in his true colors for what he was, to beg forgiveness and a blessing for himself! "George," the thin voice began

again. "I have been thinking much about Harry." The Prodigal drew in his breath sharply. "I seem to see him -in the corners of the room-everywhere." If he could only say "I am here!"

marble clock on the mantel—it was The old man slept again. The Prodall the same, except that just beside | igal still knelt, but now he was cryhim there was a buffet, new and ing, sobbing noiselessly, his shabby showy, with a silver-plated tea set on coat heaving. Outside, in a chair in he top. He divined that George had the dim hall his sister slept, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. The His sister was not crying now. She faint, bluish gray of the early spring was inspecting him — his shabby dawn came through the open winclothes, his frayed linen, the gray in dow, and from some stable near came his thinning hair. And then some the stamping of horses. The Prodithing in his face caught her atten- gal got up stiffly and turned out the tion; his chin was working convul- light. The slight motion roused the

sunken eyes. The lines left by years "He was always a high-spirited lad, of dissipation were obliterated for the mother," he said clearly. "His faults time, and there remained only grief are of the head, not the heart. Don't cry, mother. He'll come back."

things-resentment, anger, bitterness | man's eyes were open looking at him. -were swallowed up in this trouble "I have come, father," he said that had come. Then, seeing his hesi- hoarsely. But the feeble mind had tation; "I don't think he will know wandered. The minister was in his church again, looking down from the The Prodigal creaked up the stairs | pulpit at the faces of his people. His after her. Instinctively he avoided voice was stronger and full, and the

"My friends, let us sing together "George isn't here," his sister whis- this wonderful hymn: 'There were pered, turning. "He has been camp ninety and nine-" The voice trailed ing for a week and he can't get back off into silence. The old man lay very church have been taking turns at sit- pulse in his thin neck fluttered and alat the foot of the bed a man came

"Father, father," he groaned, don't

no fool, but the end of this romantic courtship the bare study. There were books as if he already saw beyond the bordereverywhere-how familiar was that land. But at the voice he roused. He It is more than probable that a steady supply confusion of books!—but the desk was looked long and lingeringly into the eyes of the man beside the bed; then His sister did not come back to him he lifted his hand in benediction and placed it on the bent, shaking head. "Henry," he said softly-"Henry, my eldest son! May God bless you!" There was a great peace on his face. His voice was almost gone, but the Prodigal caught the whispered words that he uttered:

"For this my son was dead and is live again. was lost and is found. The room was very still: the faint, irregular breath stopped. And on his knees beside the bed the Prodigal watched and prayed.

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Relics of an Unknown Race. Dr. George A. Reisner, professor of Egyptology at Harvard, who is conducting explorations and excavations in Egypt, has sent word that he has discovered evidences of a people and a civilization that existed in upper Egypt 3,700 years ago and of which no record or evidence has heretofore existed. He made these discoveries at a point which marks one of the outposts to the south of ancient Egyptian civilization, near Kerma and

not far from the Nile. According to Dr. Reisner the inhab! tants were neither Egyptians nor negroes, and their pottery is the finest and most beautiful made in the Nile

valley. Many of the treasures in ivory stone, and pottery which Dr. Reisner has sent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts were taken from the graves

of chiefs. Apparently six or seven subjects were buried alive with the body of each chief.

A Sin and a Shame.

Mrs. Diggs-At our club meeting this afternoon, Mrs. Brayton read one of her unpublished poems.

Mr. Diggs-And what did you Mrs. Diggs-Just to take her down a peg, I read one of my untried reone creaked up the stairs, and after cipes for Hungarian goulash!-Puck

| death in Great South Bay three years Figures compiled by the Chicago As- ago. But Tot has become so aged and sociation of Commerce show that: feeble he has of late been allowed to go free, and on several occasions his abthe production of the best musical in- sence has caused a search for him struments in the world. There are in and each time he has been found ly-Chicago 100 firms engaged in the piano | ing on his master's grave in St. Ann's cemetery.

Tot was chained to his kennel at the time of his master's funeral, but favor and this type is found in thouit is believed he watched the procession, as he could have seen the cemetery from his kennel.

The dog now will pass around the several graves of different members of the family and select from all the others the grave of George Brown, on which he will lie for hours.

Mrs. Hiram Offen-I'm afraid we'll never find the equal of that last cook we had. She was indeed a rare bird, site; and second, that our fidelity to Her Husband-Yes, rare, and alas, migratory.-Boston Manuscript.

Science. Science is organized knowledge.ter. George Brown, met his tragic Herbert Spencer.

> upon the shore.-George C. Whipple, in the Atlantic.

A surgeon removed from a fouryear-old boy 14 carpet tacks, three sad to say, sometimes have indiges- pockets in his trousers.—Boston Trantion. And so we might continue the script.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON

LESSON FOR JULY 5

THE LABORERS IN THE VINE-YARD.

LESSON TEXT-Matt. 20:1-16. GOLDEN TEXT-"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth min on the just and on the unust." Matt. 5:45.

This is another lesson connected with our Lord's Perean ministry. I. The Calls to Service, vv. 1-7. To get a correct setting we must return to Peter's question, 19:17, which in turn grew out of our Lord's dealings with the rich young ruler (see lesson of June 21st), and which called from Jesus the exclamation, "It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" (19:23). At this the disciples were exceedingly surprised and exclaimed, "Who then can be saved?" (v. 25). Jesus replied, "With God all things are possible." Thereupon Peter said, "Lo, we have left But the cowardice that had kept him all and followed thee; what then shall we have?" The young man refused to leave his all and follow, whereas the disciples had and Peter seems to desire to know what advantage had

> accrued to them, what reward they were to have. Jesus Answers Peter.

Jesus closed his answer to Peter by saving, "Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first" (v. 30) and illustrates his reply by the parable which is our lesson. Many who do not stipulate a reward shall be first, while many who work and work long, but work only for a reward, will be last. Preceding this Jesus definitely told Peter that the

twelve should be associated with him judging the twelve tribes of Israel and that all who had left all to follow him should receive an hundredfold and would inherit eternal life (see chanter 19:28, 29), that is, they would gain what the young ruler sought by doing what he failed to do. Historically this is illustrated by the Jew and Gentile, Matt. 8:11, 12; Luke 13:28-30; Rom. 9:30-33.

Parable of the Kingdom. Jesus says this is a parable of the kingdom, hence the householder represents God (cf. 12:27; 21:33, 43); the vineyard is the kingdom, see Isa. 2:7; Matt. 21:33. The king is seeking laborers to labor in his vineyard. He began in the early morning (v. 1) and with those whom he employed he made a definite agreement. The penny had a value of about seventeen cents and represents an average day's wage at that time. No one works for God without a fair wage, Eph. 6:8; Heb. 6:10. Notice, before they were BOUND TO REGISTER A KICK set to their task God called them The call was to service, Mark 1:17. Irascible Senator Simply Changed Tac-He goes out again at the third and the sixth and the ninth hour, finds other laborers, making no definite agreement with them but sends them into his vineyard to work. He led them into the work and they trusted him for wages. At the eleventh hour he found idlers and asked them the reason (v. 6), they replied that no one had employed them and them too he sends into the vineyard without any bargain as to wages. None except those at the third hour had any in timation as to their wage and they

were to receive "whatsoever is right." Those called at the first may put it longer hours but produce a poorer quality of service than others called at a later time. The character of the service is of greater value than the amount rendered and the higher the service the greater the proportionate reward. We get in this life abou what we work for. If we are seeking pleasure, wages or fame we usually get that to which we give purselver with wholehearted abandon. If with God we work as faithful servants and leave the reward we will receive above that we ask or think."

II. The Reward of Service, vv. 8-16 At the end of the day the Lord's steward rewards each man, beginning with the last and ending with the first (v. 8). The first one is paid ac cording to the strict letter of the agreement, and the last is likewise paid in strict justice but in a most liberal manner. He, too, was worthy for he worked throughout all the time that was for him available Tiving an equal reward to all was a test of the character of those men who entered the vineyard in the early morning. The Lord's answer (vv 13-15) is a four-fold one (1) "I did thee no wrong;" the contract had been close-mouthed about their engagelived up to to the very letter. (2) 'It is my will to give, even as unto thee:" the Lord has a right to be generous if he so desires. (3) "It is lawful for me to do what I will with nine own;" God has a right to exercise such a prerogative and man has o right to complain, Rom. 9:15-21. (4) "Is thine eye evil because I am walk right in if the knock isn't anood?" The ground of this complaint | swered immediately." was that of envy. Our God has a ght to do as he pleases and he always pleases to do right. The one no serves for love not only gets a

ull day's pay but gets satisfaction as vell, whereas the one who serves for wages will get that for which he serves only, he will be minus the satisfaction. Thus we see how Jesus reveals the real motive of their complaint, viz., it was for envy. III.-The Teaching. We must be ware of trying to make this parable teach more than is written. To rightfully understand our Lord's dealings with those who serve him we must consider others of his parables. This

one has two chief lessons; first, that priority of time or even length of service is not the all-essential requiand use of our opportunity is the chief desideratum. Along with this there are of course other lessons. In inswer to Peter's question our Lord showed him and his fellow disciples hat the last might be first.

Let the Tongue Be True.

The tongue that has been dedicated o Christ will not be kind at the expense of sincerity. The desire to be pleasant and agreeable leads many kind-hearted persons into unmeant duplicity. This is the pitfall that ever vawns beside the one who would speak gently and approvingly. "The flatterer and the liar were hatched 'rom the same egg," says the wise Inabove all else before it can be used

Children's clothes should be fresh and sweet - this means a big wash-never mind -use RUB - NO - MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP. Washday then has no terrors. No rubbing. No worry-clothes clean-germs killed-



RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP used on your linens and cloth means a clean, healthy, happy, germless home—It Naptha Cleans

RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder All Grocers The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Latest Addition to Chicago's Good Hotels

HOTEL LOMBARD



tics When Shown the Error. Was His.

One of our western senators, who possesses a rather trascible temper has a habit on days when everything seems to go wrong of scolding the Not long ago, during a session tain trade statistics of the United ly prepared and laid before the testy mator, who glanced at it with an air

that boded trouble. In a moment he looked up and exclaimed: Why didn't you prepare this states disgraceful. Any-twelve-year-old-s boy could do better than that. See that three? It looks for all the world like a five! No one would take it for anything else. Just look at it!" "I beg your pardon, senator," replied the clerk apologetically. "The fact is,

"A five!" roared the senator. "You idiot! It looks like a three!"

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Riue, At all good grocers. Adv.

"Never give up." "I don't; I tell them to come around

"Are your sister and her fiance

You ought to see them together The Way to Win.

"Opportunity has never knocked at "Then why don't you pay the first call? Go and knock at its door and

Pedagogues and Marriage.
Two bright-faced academy boys were

"Mr. Blank's going to get married hear.

"Because Mr. Dash got married last year, and now he's fierce."-Newark



Delicious - Nutritious Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appe-tizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomate sauce. An excellent dish served either

& Libby,



as the Standard Bearer of

Freedom.

First Designs Drawn Up Were Later Superseded by Idea Advanced by Englishman.

United States had hard work getting seemed altogether satisfied, and, in through a cloud and surrounding 13 Egypt that had been buried 1,800

world-wide revolution which has fol- that had our experiment in popular lowed it. It is often difficult for us government falled any time in the So it is enough for us to know in divided equally, each adult would get to say who or what led us to take a nineteenth century, our failure would this day, when every nation of Eu- about thirty dollars, given step, so it is not easy to trace have greatly encouraged the opporope, even to Russia and Turkey, is Meek-He's wrong. My wife would to its springs the action of a na nents and discouraged the adherents of committing itself to the plan of a get \$60.—Boston Evening Transcript

revolution a few years later when

We cannot claim to have been ac

eval thraidom.

ble to prove that the American revo- tive and aggressive proselyters any-

lution was the direct cause of the where. But it is reasonable to say

HISTORY OF THE GREAT SEAL | Adams and Jefferson were appointed | range for an insignia. They, too, were | of the eagle was a shield of 13 per a committee to design a great seal. unsuccessful, and the matter was pendicular red and white stripes up-The one they drew up represented a finally left to Secretary Charles Thom. holding a bive field; an olive branch shield in six divisions, bearing the de- son. Then a letter came from John in the dexter talon, 13 arrows in the vices of the six countries from which Adams, at that date in London, con- sinister; and from the beak a scroll the colonists had come, namely, the taining the suggestion of Sir John bearing the motto, "E Pluribus On the Western continent the eagle thistle, the harp, rose, My, Belgic Prestwich, a baronet of West England Unum." This is the design adopted has a circulation; its waters not only is found in the cost-of-arms of Bolivia, crowned lion, and imperial black ea- and accomplished antiquarian, also a in 1782, and it has never been Chile, Colombia, Mexico, the United gle of Germany. This was surrounded warm friend of America. He pro- changed. States, and at least eleven different by 13 escutcheons connected with posed an eagle unsupported, indicastates. It is on the president's flag gold links, bearing, in black, the initive of self-reliance, and a crest repreand also the revenue ensign. The tials of the colonies. But no one senting a golden glory breaking

ice. In 1776 Franklin, 1779, other men were selected to ar- stars on a blue field. On the breast years ago in the tomb of a child.

The Family Cashier.

Mudge-Here's a man figured out

that if all the money in the world were

Why is a Lake Like a Living Being? | comparison and tell of its smiles and A lake resembles a living being in frowns, and the music of its waves many ways. It has a pulse; its surface rises and falls rhythmically. It

ebb and flow, but there are undercurrents by which the life-giving oxygen is carried to organisms which cartridges, three rivets, one nail, a dwell in its depths. It does muscular ball of paper, a piece of chalk, 16 An egg was dug up recently in work; the shores are eroded and inches of twine and a small iron bar, itia proverb. A tongue must be true wharves are moved by the ice-press- from which one would judge that it ure. It digests food: and some lakes